

4 What (feat. Young Jeezy, Yo Gotti & Juicy J)

DJ Drama

DJ Drama what it do my G?
It's the world nigga
We running the summer
I swear the night is starting to feel just like the night before
You know I'm on 80 all acting a fool-io
We putting sparkles on them bottles make them move the ho
Step up in this bitch, you know I
got my weapon
This ain't a gym class, why is everybody sweating
Yeah I send them hoes some bottles,
Them bitches looking thirsty
My checks are for the rim
I'm in this bitch I'm looking birdy
You know the coupe is bloody murder
The coupe is bloody murder
Yeah that motherfucker black
Let's all pour color purple
34 squares so that 1200 a circle
Do them numbers in his head
Swear that nigga smart as Urkel
Mirror, mirror, should I kill them
Gourmet to the Tims
400 for this four door, and it ain't got no rims
Tell my waitress keep them bottles coming
I'm drinking like a fish
When those sparklers pass your table
All you bitches make a wish
How much liquor it gonna take to get it cracking in this bitch
Look I came to get it in now why you acting this bitch
Turn down for what? Turn down for what?
Just let me know give me the word I get it cracking in this ho
And I'm about to show out
You know it's packed up in this ho
Turn down for what? Turn down for what? Motion picture shit, nigga I pull up in slo-mo
450 thou, I blew that on a two door
Shit I git a new, I'll send you to Pluto
Got a street nigga, but you knew that from the get-go
I'm turned up to the max, and I'm just stunting on these niggas
I'm real as they say, so I'm holding court on these niggas
Wife beaters and jeans, and a pair of Jordans on these niggas
Head cocked to the back, and I smash the sport on these niggas
You get money then show it, if you ain't then stop lying
If you looking for a nigga, bitch I ain't hard to find

Only nigga in the city, million dollars a car
How you kick it with the goon, you meant to be with the star
How much liquor it gonna take to get it cracking in this bitch
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Turn down for what? Turn down for what?
Just let me know give me the word I get it cracking in this ho
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You know it's packed up in this ho
Turn down for what? Turn down for what? Turn down for what
Made a few mill off two flows
Big dog, Cujo
Your man here, you mad now
In the booty club, I'm the cash cow
We turning up, we broke the knob up
I'm on Xanax, trying not to nod off
Finna bust your bitch like a sawed off
Making NBA money, I'm a ball hog
Big blunts and nigga still facing
Bank account look like The Matrix
Niggas be acting still hating
I'm rich and I stay super faded
Pouring up that Bombay, let that reefer burn
Getting... by your bitch, my nigga wait your turn
Groupie bitches on my balls
got them dancing with the stars
Once a million dollar nigga
Half a million dollar cars
Have to love them ratchet bitches
They get 2 Live with the Crew
Make them pop that pussy open
Man I feel like Uncle Luke
How much liquor it gonna take to get it cracking in this bitch
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